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THE MASSES

FRANK WALTS

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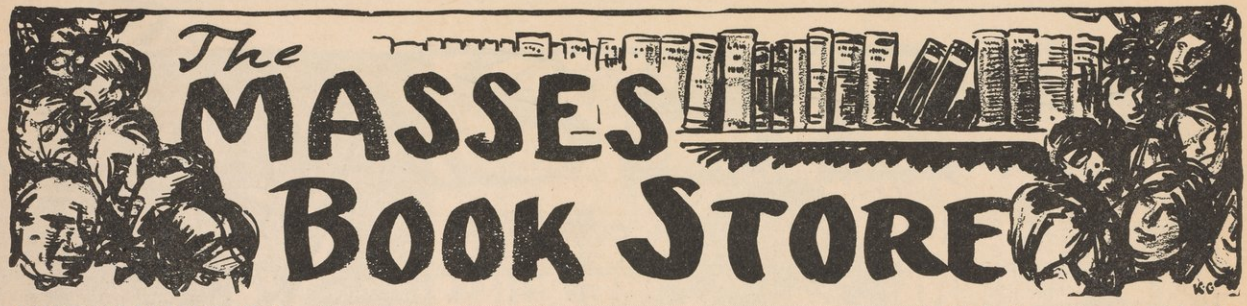

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(Continued on page 21)

Drawn by George Bellows.

Y. M. C. A. Sport: "Le' me ash you, young feller—Do you b'lieve in the teashings of Jesus Christ?—Well le' me say to you, tha' when you're arguin' with me, you're up againstit—When you argue with me you're arguin' with a CHRISSIAN."

The MASSES

Vol. VIII. No. 4 FEBRUARY, 1916 Issue No. 56

THE WORLD WELL LOST

John Reed

THE Serbian town of Obrenovatz is a cluster of red tile roofs and white bulbous towers, hidden in green trees on a belt of land, around which sweeps the river Sava in a wide curve. Behind rise the green hills of Serbia, toppling up to blue ranges of mountains upon whose summit heaps of dead bodies lie still unburied, among the stumps of trees riddled down by machine-gun fire; and half-starved dogs battle there ghoulishly with vultures. Half a mile away on the bank of the yellow river, the peasant soldiers stand knee-deep in inundated trenches, firing at the Austrians three hundred yards away on the other side. Between, the rich hills of Bosnia sweep westward forever like sea-swells, hiding the big guns that cover Obrenovatz with a menace of destruction. The town itself is built on a little rise of ground, surrounded by flooded marshes when the river is high, where the sacred storks stalk seriously among the rushes, contemptuous of battles. All the hills are bursting with vivid new leaves and plum tree blossoms like smoke. The earth rustles with a million tiny thrills, the pushing of pale green shoots and the bursting of buds; the world steams with spring. And regular as clockwork, the crack of desultory shots rises unnoticed into the lazy air. For nine months it has been so, and the sounds of war have become a part of the great chorus of nature.

We had dinner with the officers of the Staff,—good-natured giants, who were peasants and sons of peasants. The orderly who fell upon his knees to brush our shoes and stood so stiffly pouring water over our hands while we washed, and the private soldiers who waited on us at dinner with such smart civility, came in and sat down when coffee was served, and were introduced all round. They were intimate friends of the Colonel.

After dinner somebody produced a bottle of cognac and a box of real Havana cigars, which Iovanovitch laughingly said had been captured from the Austrians two weeks before, and we strolled out to visit the Serbian batteries.

Westward over the Bosnian hills a pale spring sun hung low in a shallow sky of turquoise green. Line after line of little clouds burned red-golden, scarlet, vermilion, pale pink and gray, all up the tremendous arch of sky. Drowsy birds twittered, and a soft fresh wind came up out of the west.

Iovanovitch turned to me:

"You wanted to talk to a Serbian Socialist," he said. "Well, you'll have the chance. The captain in command of the battery we are going to see is a leader of the Serbian Socialist parties,—or at least he was in the days of peace. No, I don't know what his doctrines are; I am a Young Radical myself," he laughed. "We believe in a great Serbian Empire."

"If all the Socialists were like Takits," said the Colonel, puffing comfortably at his cigar, "I wouldn't have a thing to say against Socialism. He is a good soldier."

In a deep trench, cruved in half-moon shape across the corner of a field, four six-inch guns crouched behind a screen of young willows. There was a roof over them almost on the level with the field, and on this roof sods had been laid and grass and bushes were growing, to hide them from aeroplanes. At the sentry's staccato challenge the Colonel answered, and hailed "Takits!" Out of the gun-pits came a man, muddy to the knees and without a hat. He was tall and broad; his faded uniform hung upon him as if once he had been stout; a thick, unkempt beard covered his face to the cheekbones, and his eyes were quiet and direct.

They said something to him in Serbian, and he laughed.

"So," he said, turning to me with a twinkle in his eye, and speaking French that halted and hesitated like a thing long unused. "So. You are interested in Socialism?"

I said I was. "They tell me you were a Socialist leader in this country."

"I *was*," he said, emphasizing the past tense. "And now——"

"Now," interrupted the Colonel, "he is a patriot and a good soldier."

"Just say 'a good soldier,'" said Takits, and I thought there was a shade of bitterness in his voice. "Forgive me if I speak bad French. It is long since I have talked to foreigners,—though I once made speeches in French——"

"And Socialism?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you," he began slowly. "Walk with me a little." He put his arm under mine and scowled at the earth. Suddenly he turned swiftly, preoccupied, and shouted to some one invisible in the pit: "Peter! Oil breechblock number one gun!"

The others strolled on ahead, laughing and throwing remarks over their shoulders the way men do who have dined and are content. Night rushed up the west and quenched those shining clouds, drawing her train of stars like a robe to cover all heaven. Somewhere in the distant trenches voices sang a quavering Macedonian song about the glories of the Empire of the Tsar Stefan Dooshan, and an accompanying violin scratched and squeaked under the hand of a gypsy "gooslar." On the dim slope of a hill far across the river in the enemy's country a spark of flame quivered red. . . .

"You see, in our country it is different than in yours," began Takits. "Here we have no rich men and no industrial population, so we are not ready, I think, for the immense combining of the workers to oppose the concentration of capital in the hands of the few." He stopped a minute, and then chuckled, "You have no idea how strange it feels to be talking like this again! . . .

"Our party was formed then to combat the regular Socialists, to apply the principles of Socialism to the conditions of this country,—a country of peasants who all own their land. We are naturally communists, we Serbians. In every village you will see the houses of the rich *zadrugas*,—many generations of the same family, with all their connections by marriage, who have pooled their property and hold it in common. We didn't want to waste time with the International. It would hinder us,—block our program, which was, to get into the hands of the people who produced everything and owned all the means of production, the means of distribution too. The political program was simpler; we aimed at a real democracy by means of the widest possible suffrage, initiative, referendum and recall. You see, in the Balkans, a great gulf separates the ambitious politicians in power and the mass of the people who elect them. Politics is getting to be a separate profession, closed to all but scheming lawyers. This class we wanted to destroy. We did not believe in the General Strike, and the great oppressed industrial populations of the world could do nothing with us, except use us for the furtherance of their economic programs, which had nothing to do with conditions in Serbia."

"You opposed war?"

He nodded. "We were against war——" he began, then stopped short and burst out laughing. "Do you know, I had forgotten all that. It seems so silly now! We thought that the peasants, the people of Serbia, could stop war any time if they wanted to, by simply refusing to fight. God! There were only a few of us. —not a great solid working-class as in Germany and France,—but we thought it could be done. Why on God's earth did no one in Europe realize what a conscript army means? We thought war was brutal, bloody, useless, horrible. Imagine anyone who could not see how much better war is than peace and the slavery of industry! Think of the thousands of people killed, maimed and made unfit every year by the terrible conditions in which they must live to support the rich, even in prosperous times. No. In war, a man dies with a sense of ideal sacrifice,—and his wife and mother and family miss him less, because he fell on

the field of honor! Besides, in peace-time they were left to starve when the machines got him,—and now there is a pension. They are taken care of." He spoke vehemently.

"And now,—after the war?"

Takits turned slowly to me, and his eyes were tragic and bitter. "I don't know. I don't know. It was myself before the war who spoke to you just now. What a shock it was to me to hear my voice saying those old, outworn things! They are so meaningless now! I have come to think that it has all to be done over again,—the upbuilding of civilization. Again we must learn to till the soil, to live together under a common government, to make friends across frontiers among other races who have become once more only dark, evil faces and speakers of tongues not our own. This world has become a place of chaos, as it was in the Dark Ages; and yet we live, have our work to do, feel happiness on a clear day and sadness when it rains. These are more important than anything just now. Afterward will come the long pull up from barbarism to a time when men think and reason and consciously organize their lives again. . . . But that will not be in our time. I shall die without seeing it,—the world we loved and lost."

He turned to me with extraordinary emotion, eyes blazing and dark, and gripped my arm tensely. "Here is the point,—the tragic point. Once I was a lawyer. The other day the Colonel asked me about some common legal point, and *I had forgotten it.* When I talked with you about my party, I discovered again that all was vague,—nebulous. You noticed how obscure and general it was, didn't you? Well, *I have forgotten my arguments, and I have lost my faith!*

"For four years now I have been fighting in the Serbian army. At first I hated it, wanted to stop, was oppressed by the *unreasonableness* of it all. Now it is my job, my life. I spend all day thinking of the position of those guns,—I lie awake at night worrying about the men of the battery, whether So-and-So will stand his watch without carelessness, whether I shall need fresh horses in place of the lame ones in the gun-teams, what can be done to correct the slight recoiling-fault of number three. These things and my food, my bed, the weather,—that is life to me. When I go home on leave to visit my wife and children, their existence seems so tame, so removed from the realities. I get bored very soon, and am relieved when the time comes to return to my friends here, my work,—my guns. . . . That is the horrible thing."

He ceased, and we walked along in silence. A stork on great pinions came flapping down upon the roof of the cottage where he had his nest. From far down the river a sudden ripple of rifle-shots broke out inexplicably, and ended with sharp silence.

Liberty

FORT WORTH (Tex.), November 19.—An enraged crowd of citizens yesterday at Arlington sought to attack the Liberty Bell party because a member of the party lifted a negro girl to the car and let her kiss the relic. To avert trouble the train pulled out, leaving the crowd shaking fists and throwing stones."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Society Note

THE social center of New York shows "a northerly trend of 300 feet a year" and is now at Fifth Avenue and 67th Street. THE MASSES is a long way from the social center even in its new office, but it is gaining a little.

Poetry Comes Back

PROOFS of this long-expected renascence pour in from every side. Whitman prophesied it over fifty years ago. And while literary England had not yet recovered from its love of tinsel romanticism, Yellow Bookishness and an æsthetically distorted speech, Synge wrote:

"In these days poetry is usually a flower of evil or good; but it is the timber of poetry that wears most surely,— and there is no timber that has not strong roots among the clay and worms. . . It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal. . . . Many of the older poets such as Villon and Herrick and Burns used the whole of their personal life as their material, and the verse written in this way was read by strong men, and thieves and deacons, and not by little cliques only."

For years the journals and pedagogs, clinging to their pale classicism and dusty traditions, fought this threatening revival with scorn and silence and deprecatory patronage. And now, within the last year, witness the complete right-about face! Most amazing of all the manifestations are the following lines from the New York Times, November 28, 1915—only fifty-four years after Whitman's prophecy:

When the twentieth century came in, upon a great wave of social responsibility, sweeping away the debris of wornout customs, of formal theology, of all effete things, and making for itself new channels of service to the race, poetry was the first of the arts to respond to the mood of the time; for poetry was already vitalized, infused with new blood, by the robust genius of Whitman. Romanticism had spent itself, it had vanished in the art of Swinburne, in a wraith of beautiful futility. Poetry had floated away from life, in exquisite vaporings; "art for art's sake" was in the cry of the decadents, the last of the schools of the nineteenth century. To this languishing art the message of Whitman came as a breath of resuscitation. Not only did poetry revive, it was regenerated. An entirely new spirit was born in it, and the reaction of Whitman against romanticism that had come to its hour of decadence, the revolution in form and message that came in with Whitman, is now expressing itself in the naturalistic movement,—the new freedom of our poetry.

But an added and most important proof is a series of magazine anthologies that have been appearing for the last three years. In this latest one *there is ample evidence that poetry has ceased to be a diversion to be enjoyed only by the over-cultured and erudite, an exercise for the parlor, an embroidery of archaiac words over a pattern of archaiac sentiments; that it has freed itself or been freed from didacticism and mere decoration;—and that it is a thing which interests many people because it expresses the things that many people are interested in.

And this volume shows something more. It shows that, as poetry has come nearer to people in thought, it has come closer to them in speech. It is using the language of the majority, not of the few. It is a pliant, democratized speech the poets are using today—as rich and racy as the soils from which it flowers. One of the newest voices, Robert Frost, with a directness equalled only by Edwin Arlington Robinson, reveals a wealth of poetic quality in hitherto unpoetic names and things. Both he and Edgar Lee Masters show us, in the cross-sections of a community, a world of new poetic possibilities. And with these fresh vistas, they are bringing in a fresh influx of words from the vernacular—new sounds, new "glamor." Vachel Lindsay is another successful experimenter. He too has discarded the faded and moth-eaten loveliness of tradition; he, however, has exchanged it for a verbal coat of many colors and sounds, taken not only from people but frome fire-engines and automobile horns and Chinese nightingales and negro camp-meetings. In this volume one also finds James Oppenheim, with a fire and music as old as the Psalms and words as new as today. Here also is Amy Lowell, another discarder of patterns; most vigorous and versatile of women-poets writing at present. Here too are many of the other "daring young radicals" (I thank the *Times* for teaching me that phrase), differing in temper and tendencies —and it is gratifying to find so many names from THE MASSES—Clement Wood and Margaret Widdemer and Witter Bynner and Lydia Gibson and Ruth Comfort Mitchell and Margaret French Patton and the inevitable others. Mr. Braithwaite's inclusiveness makes all the more perplexing his omission of Carl Sandburg and Max Eastman. An anthology of the year's poetry with nothing from the pen of either of these poets is incredible. But here it is—with this fault as well as the mania for cataloging and comparison on Mr. Braithwaite's head—a record of new beginnings, of spiritual no less than literary breaking of bonds. With the crumbling of the aristocracy of the pedants comes the art of the people.

Poetry has gone out of the actual world at various times—following the Elizabethans, during the eighteenth century, with the back-wash of Tennyson—it has been ruffled and ribboned and tricked out; but in spite of every effort to pervert or prettify it, it has the habit of shaking off the decorative disguises and revealing itself in a sudden and most surprising manner. There is even a naked boldness in its return; a challenge to the traditionary and cautious. And so once again Poetry has come back.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

* "The Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915"; edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Gomme & Marshall. $1.50 Net.)

Ford

WHAT shall we think of the Ford Peace Ship? If it strikes too near to our hopes and fears for us to estimate it calmly and justly, that is only natural. Had we lived in 1859, we might have wondered what to think of John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry; we might have deplored it, as most good people did, as a folly which would only hurt the cause of emancipation. But we can, if we wish, anticipate the verdict of history on this latest of the sublime follies of the utopian mind. However the war ends, and whether late or soon, this mission of peace will be remembered as a rash and splendid act, fixing by its impossibilism the thoughts of the world on Peace. Even those who hate, or scorn, or laugh at Mr. Ford as a crazy and ignorant millionaire, have been touched by the magic of his courageous folly. The act will leave its mark indelibly on the world's history.

Many who regard such a peace mission as being at this moment a practical plan, have been outraged or driven to tears by the manner in which the Ford mission was conducted. A word as to that. The modern art or science of publicity consists chiefly in suppression, in seeing that the wrong things do not get into the newspapers, that the wrong people are not allowed to be heard at all. Judged by these standards, the Ford Peace mission was mismanaged in a preposterous manner. All the great, the respectable, the dignified, the eminent, in a word, those who have reputations to preserve, were frightened away from Mr. Ford's mission, and only those who had a touch of daring or of oddness went. The great reputations were frightened because Mr. Ford did not hire a publicity manager who could shut all the idealists' mouths. Mr. Ford, however, seems to have done this on principle. It was by his wish that everyone connected with the project said anything he felt like, even to the frivolous clerk whose foolish answer to a reporter's foolish question was blazoned in headlines across the nation as "Ford Repudiates Bryan." Mr. Ford's idealism is not business-like, it is idealistic: and that in a land of institutionalized, respectableized, conventionalized idealism looks like mere foolishness. We may regret that this wild and beautiful act of faith was not run on business principles, but we must give Mr. Ford the credit of being an idealist to the limit.

Drawn by Arthur Young.

IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY

The munition maker has made us hated in Europe, and now we must buy munitions from him to defend ourselves against that hatred.

The Periscope

"HE is perfectly happy and the most optimistic person in New York City," said Andrew Carnegie's secretary on the boss's 80th birthday. "Last summer when he wanted to go fishing and the captains were afraid of rough weather he would always say there were no storms for him. I think that expresses his whole attitude toward life."

Or you can sing it:

If there be no storms for me
What care I how wet you be.

WHITNEY WARREN, who recently returned from France, wants our government to support the Allies. But who will support our government? The Collector of the Port says he found $6,000 worth of undeclared stuff in the Warren family trunks.

A BROOKLYN man was fined one dollar for spitting. He paid and put on his hat to leave the court-room; was called back, also down, and fined two dollars. Having spent all his money for spitting he could not pay for putting on his hat, and was sent to jail. The criminal may be denounced under the name of Sears and the magistrate under that of Krotel.

IF it isn't asking too much, would the United States please not get into a war with the Teutons over some indignity to a Standard Oil steamer?

A TRAVELER in Germany reports that there is now more bitterness toward America than toward England. The bulletins of the Kaiser's hate department should read: "Subject to change without notice."

THE National Defence Association proposes to issue drinkers' licenses and revoke them if the holder has over two jags a year. The trouble is people *will* put things off until the last minute. Motto for procrastinating boozers: Do your Christmas sopping early.

REPRESENTATIVE BAILEY says we should have no more preparedness than we are willing to pay for at once by direct tax. He makes a noise like a Byzantine logothete.

IT is proposed in the Reichstag to raise soldiers' pay to 11¼ cents a day. It is too bad to see commercialism creeping into outdoor sports.

A PATERSON silk manufacturer is going to sell his million dollar art collection instead of giving it to the town as was hoped. Perhaps this is a rebuke to those abandoned characters who claimed that the silk-workers were underpaid.

"PEACE talk will persist," press-pearls the New York *Tribune*. "The weak, the foolish and the designing, here as in Europe, will continue to use the casualty list and the spectacle of human misery and suffering as a text and as an argument."

It doesn't seem possible that such people exist!

JUDGING by the depressing effect of the Balkan campaign, one suspects that the German General Staff sold short on Anglo-French bonds.

WITHIN the past four years the names of Wilson, Bryan, Hughes, Roosevelt and Mayor Thompson have been withdrawn by request from some ticket or other in the Nebraska primaries.

I'LL be the goat. What *is* the matter with the Nebraska primaries?

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

The A. F. of L. Convention: An Impression

Inez Haynes Gillmore

ONCE when I was a very little girl, I was present at an enormous political meeting in Boston when the young Henry Cabot Lodge made one of his brilliant incisive speeches. That speech, perhaps because of his youth, was shot with poetry; it was aflame—again perhaps because of his youth—with ambitious purpose. We believed that a young liberator stood before us and we rose to him. (Rose to *Henry Cabot Lodge*—think of that! Well, times have certainly changed.) Again in France, I was present when a huge gathering of Russian revolutionists, with Anatole France in the chair, assembled to welcome Vera Figner from her twenty years' imprisonment. The door of the Russian jail had closed on her a beautiful girl; it released her still beautiful, but a middle-aged woman. I saw that crowd at the close of her speech rise as one creature and pelt her with flowers until the white-robed figure, moveless, expressionless as though it had dropped from a marble frieze, stood knee-deep in roses, the color of blood. Again in Paterson, I was present when thousands of strikers held an out-of-doors meeting. I saw them thrill and felt them sway and heard them roar when Elizabeth Gurley Flynn appeared suddenly on the speakers' balcony Again in San Francisco, I was one of a tremendous audience of I. W. W.'s, gathered to protest against the life-sentence imposed on the leaders of the Wheatland strike, Ford and Suhr. A clergyman was addressing them. "You I. W. W.'s have re-discovered one of the great words of the English language," he concluded. "That word is—" He got no further; for suddenly that immense audience burst upwards like an erupting volcano—the shouts of "Solidarity" nearly tore the roof of. They were all wonderful moments. But I have never known such a thrill—as this year in San Francisco when I took my first look at a convention of the American Federation of Labor.

Perhaps my first impression was of the men themselves. Impressions came in droves—all at once—producing from their speed and strength and clamor a condition of mental daze—stupefaction. Soon, though, I knew that I had never gazed on such men as these; that I had never seen so much sheer size, height, girth, weight. Later I used to come early to watch the delegates enter the hall. It was like seeing a file of lions leaping into the arena for their act. Big they came—and bigger and bigger. Each moment it seemed the limit of human stature with its connotation of superhuman strength and energy had been reached; yet in another instant that record was broken. Yes; first of all that impression of extraordinary physique; then, in all else, of a beautiful, an arresting normality; then of force—the fighting force that is spirit plus fire. High-standing, erect, incredibly broad-shouldered and deep-chested; arms and legs like young tree-trunks; torsos muscle-packed to a heroic brawn and bulk; bodies of a granite hardness, yet lightly-handled, perfectly poised; faces burned by the weather to a permanent deep red; straight-gazing eyes, clear as mountain lakes; jaws that set themselves in the lines of adamant; faces, in quiet, of a calm, clear keenness; watchful, patient, appraising, humorous; in anger, iron masks that poured fire from eye-sockets and thunder from mouth-orifices; voices that roared and rumbled, tore and thrilled; those voices echoed through my consciousness long after I had gone to sleep at night.

All nationalities of men were there—Northern races—English, Scotch, Irish, Swedish, Norwegian, German—Southern races, particularly Latins—French, Spanish, Italian, Mexicans—Japanese—all with lingual peculiarities—accents, dialects—Americans in preponderance of course—the accent that clicks its enunciation of the East, the accent that grinds its R's, of the West, the accent that slurs its consonants, of the South. Yet all these types seemed to blend into the kind of Americanism that we have all hoped would emerge from this experiment in the government of the people by the people—that Americanism which is another word for *democracy*.

But the fighting force there—that was the wonderful, the affording, the revealing thing. For by a process of culling and weeding from the union which brings out the best fighters in a community, through state federations and internationals which pick out the best fighters from the union, there were gathered on that floor the best fighters of a whole country. In comparison the chief officers of an army and navy would have seemed mercenary, bureaucratic, outworn, futile. For these men were fighting for an ideal—a world ideal—they stripped off their coats and fought with any weapon they could find—they stripped to the buff and fought with tooth and nail—at times tearing off the last vestige of sectionalism and nationalism, they stripped to the very soul.

There are two types, I take it, of the fighting spirit: the desperate and the confident. The fighting in that convention was the fighting of the confident; of an army, trained and tried, who have gone against the enemy again and again and yet again; an army that had won more times than it had lost; an army that would continue to win more times than it would lose. There was something magnificent in that confidence, that fearlessness; it accounted for the assured swing of those great bulks as they moved down the aisle; for the straight-glancing directness of those clear eyes, their swift appraisal, their humorous patience—that perpetual bubbling good nature, playful at all times, which at a touch in the midst of the longest, bitterest fight turned them into a den of young bears.

I was there four days and a half. Three of those four days ran into evening sessions, two of them until after midnight. Most of what passed on the floor was clear enough, especially of course when the subject under debate was of broad general interest—a universal eight-hour working-day for instance. Some of the interminable jurisdictional fights were a little hazy. Occasionally argument grew unintelligible. The thing that struck me most forcibly first, last and always was *how much they knew*. Working conditions you would expect and Parliamentary law. But they knew living conditions; the economic laws behind them; world-movements; the universal laws back of them. "Here are citizens," I said to myself again and again, "citizens in the best sense." And then suddenly one of those flashes of knowledge came to me—flashes that seem like revelations of white truth until you discover that everybody else has discovered it long before. *The only institution in this country that offers a training in citizenship is the trade union.* The public schools don't train citizens—in the face of this bloody world-holocaust they are still teaching a war-begetting patriotism. The colleges don't train citizens—they are still turning out highbrows. Politics can't teach citizenship—a real citizenship means the end of politics.

Gradually from the crowd, personalities began to stand out; Morrison, secretary; O'Connell, vice-president; Lennon, treasurer; Woll, of the Photo Engravers; Cannon, of the Western Federation of Miners; Alesandro, of the Hod-Carriers; Hayes, of Tyopgraphical; Furuseth, of the Seamen—the Furuseth whose long life of service to the men who go down to the sea in ships has at last flowered in the Seamen's Bill—tall, big, gaunt, the lines of the iron framework of his body pushing through his very clothes, strong yet delicate, the spirit, heroic and ascetic, burning off the last fibre of superfluous flesh and imprinting its beauty on the very bone. Casey of the Teamsters. Gallagher, ex-president of the San Francisco Labor Council. And dominating them all the small figure, the great brain and the overpowering personality of the little cigar-maker who brought this tremendous structure into being: Gompers.

Gompers; fighting eternally and interminably for labor; sixty-six years old, yet working with the strength and dauntlessness and conviction and hope of twenty-one; averaging during the convention three hours of sleep to twenty-one of conflict; presiding for long hours over what, when its fighting blood is up, is probably the most individualistic, obstinate, unmanageable and immovable body in the world. At times his job of chairman was that of the man who would tame a cage of wild-cats by reading the Golden Rule. Always more work to be done in two weeks than can rightfully be done in a month. Each delegate a separate rebellion in himself, bristling with information, bursting with eloquence, armed with every parliamentory trick and doggedly determined to fight for his organization to the last ditch. Eternal noise—hurry—confusion. To this Gompers brought a Parliamentarism, uncannily astute; equal quantities of force and diplomacy; logic; cajolery. Sometimes he gave them their head—sometimes he pulled them up with a jerk; he argued, advised, pleaded, joked, scolded, ridiculed, praised, scorned. Sometimes it looked as though that stream of conviction on the floor were growing turbulent beyond control; cataracts of assertion—rapids of contradiction—whirlpools of defiance. It made forward here into a little wave of progress; it swung back there into a little eddy of reaction; sometimes with infinite tumult and fury it seemed but to stand still. But always the figure on the platform, insignificant in stature and tremendous in head, with its amazing combination of beauty and ugliness, its voice elastic, supple, vibrant, resonant as an actor's—one instant nasal, grating, hard, harsh; the next clear, rippling, soft, musical—brought them back not to his but to their *own* control—brought them back through sheer force of will, brain and personality-power.

It was like being present when a body of world generals planned a world-war—a war for humanitarianism; a war which will have nought of bloodshed or death; war in which the guns are ideals and the ammunition, ideas.

Sometimes in the smoke which hung over that council of generals, I seemed to see standing back of them, in serried ranks, shadowy, ghostly, the millions of workers that had sent them there. And those workers said—"Thus far can ye go, O ye who represent us, thus far—and no farther."

The voice of labor is a roar, deep as though it came from a throat of iron, penetrating as though it came through lips of silver. One day that voice will silence all the great guns of the world.

Drawn by H. J. Glintenkamp.

"Girls Wanted"

About Schools

A FRIEND of mine assures me that the "Gary plan" is an infamous scheme to introduce religion into the American public school system . . . which provokes me to the following reflections.

At eighteen, I went out into the world, a product of the American public school system. I could read, write a bad hand, do simple arithmetic with difficulty, and I had a smattering of history, geography, botany, chemistry, algebra, geometry, Latin. I could not saw a board straight, nor carry a tune, nor repair a bicycle, nor dance, nor sew on a button, nor pay a compliment, nor tie a shoestring so it would stay tied. I was very unlikely to know the name of any particular flower, tree or bird. I was habitually unobservant of everything that went on around me.

With this magnificent equipment for life, to which the public schools of three American towns (of from 2,000 to 40,000 inhabitants) had laboriously contributed, I went out into the world.

Now I have just been reading John and Evelyn Dewey's book, "Schools of Tomorrow," and I find there what I already suspected, that this was not an education at all. I find that my education began the moment I left school. It began when, deceived by my air of intelligence, a foreman offered me six dollars a week to run a cooker in a candy factory.

It was for me a painful process and for him an expensive one. I put in the wrong quantities of sugar and glucose, I let it burn, I nearly let it blow up, I forgot to oil the steam engine, I mixed up my daily reports, and I burned my arm on the steam-pipe every time I reached up to turn off a valve. What with my clumsiness and the just wrath of the foreman, I passed a miserable existence. But all the time I was learning —learning the nature of machinery, the necessity of being careful, the disastrous results of inaccuracy. The foreman thought he was running a candy factory, and I thought I was earning a living; but I was getting an education which I ought to have got ten years before.

Of course I was fired. The printing and lithographic trades successively and for brief periods took up the burden of my education. A truck farmer most rashly sacrificed his melons and beans to the process. The public library helped along. And the socialist local transformed me from a shy and speechless youth into a person capable of expressing his thoughts in public. Teachers in the guise of novelists and playwrights gave me notions about the world and about my place in it. And one day, very timidly, having just been fired from my latest job, I went to a newspaper office and asked if they had anything I could do. To my great surprise and immense gratification, they made me a reporter on the spot.

I was not, as may be imagined, the best reporter in the world; but I did know a little more about people and things than when I left school. Under the spur of necessity and interest I mastered that mysterious machine, the typewriter, in something over five minutes; I learned to take an interest in my fellow human beings, to ask questions, to distinguish between a lie and the truth, to see a little of the vast drama that was being enacted in the world about me. And what with newspaper work and the socialist local and the public library and the conversation of my friends I began to be in some sort educated.

In this world outside of school I discovered, moreover, what to do with my passion for ideas, my love of argument, my fondness for books, which had been at school a kind of honorable oddity. I found for the first time an opportunity to use and develop these passions, not as an idiosyncrasy, but as a part of the business of life.

At eighteen I suffered the most bitter and poisonous humiliations in my contacts with a world which I had not been educated to enter. At twenty-eight I have the self-confidence which comes from having done a few things successfully. Mathematics is farthest from my heart, and I do not love machinery, but if it were absolutely necessary for me to audit the books of a bank or fly from here to Boston in an aeroplane, the task would not seem so huge nor myself so ignominiously unequal to it as I once felt in undertaking some of the very simple things for which I was being paid. If education does not fit one to take part in the activities of the world with a confident and joyous spirit, then it is not education.

As I understand the new theory of education, it undertakes to turn out from the public schools young men and women who are all-around human beings; who are strong, healthy, self-confident, acquainted with flowers, birds, trees, tools, machinery, knowing something about the world. They will have learned easily many things, because there was a good reason for their learning them. They will learn arithmetic because it is a part of life, and Latin (if they choose) because there are interesting things to read in that language. They will go from school into a world which they will know how to deal with, because their school has been like the world. They will not have to go through the painful process of being educated by employers who, after all, have other ends in view, and are not the most patient of teachers.

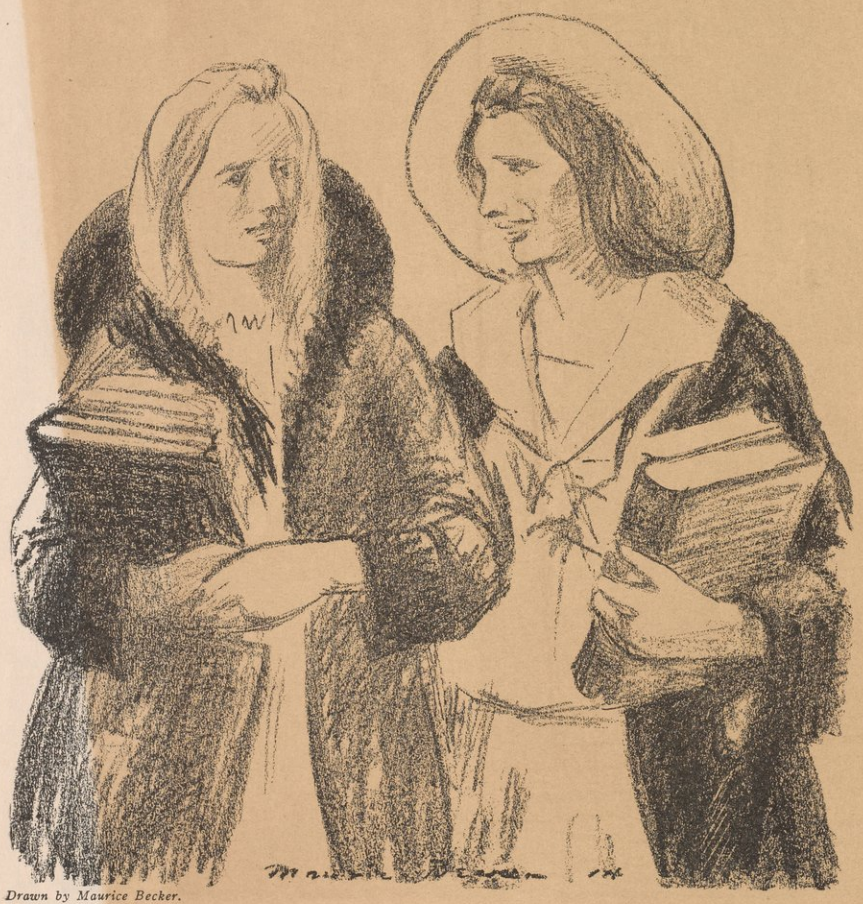
All this will presumably happen some time; it is happening here and there,—in Gary, Ind., in the colored district in Indianapolis, in Fairhope, Ala., and to the children of the rich in the Francis Parker school in Chicago. But it would seem altogether improbable that anything so sensible should be generally done in our lifetime, except for the miraculous and hardly credible fact that in Gary the new system has been found to be cheaper than the old.

New York City, on thhe verge of bankruptcy, considers the adoption of the Gary system. It is such a thing as only happens in fiction.

Of course, even if it is adopted, it will have its imperfections. But the mere idea that New York City may try, in however blundering a way, to make education a part of life and life a part of education, makes me wonder if I am not dreaming.

And then my friend speaks up and tells me that because the Gary system provides a couple of hours a week in which children may, if their parents wish, go to the Catholic Church, to the Unitarian Church, or the Church of the Social Revolution, for religious instruction, instead of getting excused at some inconvenient time for the same purpose—because of this, my friend tells me it is an infamous scheme to introduce religion into the public school system.

Somehow I am not a bit alarmed.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"LET'S GO OUT TO CENTRAL PARK AND LOOK AT THE ANIMALS."

"I CAN'T, I'VE GOT TO STUDY MY ZOOLOGY."

"The Pillar of Fire"

"THE Pillar of Fire" is a book about college life and about life[1] by a man who knows about both. The elaborate inutility of college studies, the withdrawal of college from the affairs of the world, the upbuilding of a petty college principality with a ridiculous little college patriotism, manners and standards of its childish own; the contact of that secluded world with the great world only through the medium of commercialized amateur sport; the parochialism college intellectuality—Mr. Deming knows these things well. He knows, too, what is going on in the great outside world—the battle of keen minds and generous souls against ugliness and injustice, the struggle to re-create the world. And he has not lost hope in the possibility of transforming the college into a mea of education in some true sense, a means of awakening the young mind and heart to the significance of that battle.

His book may be said to be the manifesto of revolutionary democracy in the higher education. It is addressed to college students: he calls it "a profane baccalaureate." But never before has there been such a baccalaureate address. It pays to his audience the high compliment of assuming them capable of being interested in matters of real importance; of being capable of thinking clearly, candidly and courageously. It calls for these qualities; perhaps it will call them forth. One cannot despair of college even as it is, when a man like Mr. Deming can hope to find there a response to such a call.

Everywhere, now, one finds men and women who regret their college life as a waste of time, or worse—a hurtful, stultifying, stupidifying process. These will find in Mr. Deming's book the basis of a new optimism—the grounds of a hope that the next generation may go to colleges and really get something of what the soul of youth unconsciously looks for now and does not find. Before that can happen, many respected things will have to be shown mercilessly as they are, analyzed, ridiculed, and marked for destruction. Mr. Deming has addressed himself to the beginning of this task with a logic, a wit and an authentic eloquence which makes his book one of the livest pieces of writing ever produced in America.

[1] "The Pillar of Fire: A Profane Baccalaureate," by Seymour Deming. (Small, Maynard & Co.). Masses Book Store. $1.10 postpaid.

An Extreme Case

ALFRED SCHWITKOFSKY is serving a sentence of twenty years in Sing Sing for assault and burglary. He was arrested in 1911 because he was an ex-convict. He was found guilty, on evidence which was afterward confessed to be perjured. As a result of the efforts of Samuel Untermyer the state board of parole investigated the case, and recommended Schwitofsky's pardon. But Governor Glynn felt obliged, so he is reported to have said, to leave the decision to his recently-elected successor, Mr. Whitman. Inasmuch as it was Mr. Whitman who as district attorney was in some sense responsible for this miscarriage of justice, Governor Glynn's refusal put the new governor in the position of having to admit the mistake which had occurred in his office. Governor Whitman has so far refused to act.

Schwitofsky's wife, who when last seen was apparently on the verge of dementia, has disappeared, with her child, and the prisoner himself is reported to be in danger of going insane. The facts of the case, as discovered by the board of parole, leave no doubt as to Schwitofsky's innocence. It only remains for Governor Whitman to admit that a mistake has been made. Will he do it, or will an innocent man be driven insane?

Drawn by Eugene Higgins.

BRAINS

"HERE IT IS IN THE PAPER—AIN'T I BEEN TELLIN' YA THAT WOMEN'S BRAINS AIN'T THE EQUAL O' MAN'S."

The President Impressed

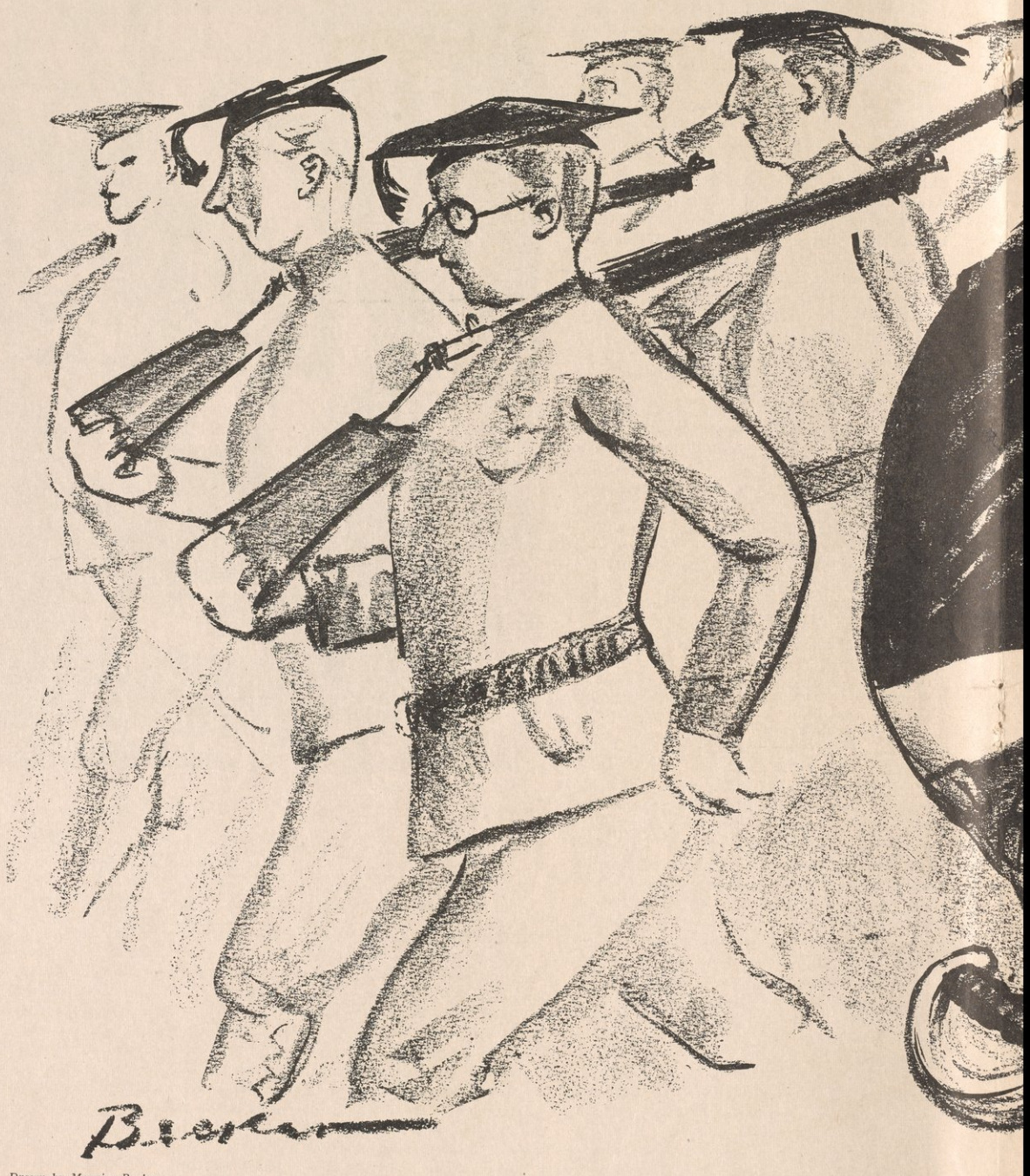
THE national convention of the Congressional Union brought to Washington an imposing number of women voters from the West, representing a vast multitude of women voters at home, all determined to use their political power against the party that refuses to support the passage of a suffrage amendment to the national constitution. In the midst of their labors to prepare bills appropriating large sums of money for inland forts, arsenals and army posts, the congressmen had time to be impressed. Two years before it was a pleasant diversion for a congressman to attack suffrage: gone are those days, for congress has felt the menace or the actual impact of woman's political power.

Mark, too, the tone of President Wilson in explaining that he cannot accede to their request to put such a proposal for a suffrage amendment into his message to Congress:

"I can only say to you this afternoon that nothing could be more impressive than the presentation of such a request in such numbers and backed by sueh influences as undoubtedly stand back of you. Unhappily, it is too late for me to consider what is to go into my message."

With Congress and the President thus impressed, it would seem that the proper time had come for those suffragists who disapprove of the methods of the Congressional Union to be impressed also at least to the extent of letting that organization conduct its fight for the common cause in its own way.

The women of the Congressional Union seem to us already to have the political wisdom which will come to all women after they have had a little political experience.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

THE HIGHER EDUCA

A Reform for Harvard University Suggested by Her

CATION

Her Most Illustrious Graduate

As To Patriotism

THE editors of the New York Globe honored us with a public denunciation for offering to our readers an anti-enlistment pledge. They seem to think we are almost as bad as Christ. For they accuse us of opposing enlistment not only in the future but in the remote past.

"If Editor Eastman had been in Sparta when the Three Hundred were recruited who defended democratic Greece against the onrushing autocracy of Persia, he would have urged them not to enlist."

That is a wild inference. Suppose an editor announced that fighting with swords and spears was out of date, would that be a betrayal of Leonidas? Every once in a while we have to decide that something has seen its day. Every once in a while we have to take an inventory of our stock, and throw away what is rotten and useless. War is rotten and useless.

If the editors of the Globe will read a book by Norman Angell, called The Great Illusion, they will find very cogent proofs offered of the proposition that victory in war between modern nations brings no substantial benefit—moral, political, cultural or even financial.

The book is not about Leonidas, it is about us. But it throws a backward ray of light over the whole history of nationalism that makes war look rather futile and ridiculous. We are not sure Greek culture and the democracy of the maritime cities (all maritime cities were democratic if you didn't see the slaves) would have lost much through Persian conquest.

It is possible that a Persian conquest would have spread Greek culture beyond Greece and Ionia.

The fact that Leonidas was a hero need not prevent our seeing this. If we have not attained a higher ideal than Leonidas died for, we have not fulfilled the promise of his death.

We have in fact attained a higher ideal than nationalism—the ideal of a free humanity. And in some of us this ideal, we are happy to say, has supplanted patriotism altogether.

And while it might conceivably happen, that this ideal should demand our enlisting in a national army—to fight either against our own country or with it—it is in the highest degree improbable. It is so improbable that people of the pledge-signing disposition may very well be encouraged to express in that way their absolute renunciation of the patriotic ideal, and its military retinue, as essentially barbaric, inane, and homicidal.

We suspect that those who signed that pledge would be the first to bleed, were the cause of industrial liberty at stake.

ZENOBIA

LO, Cæsar's legioned army, victor-led,
A sight to glad and pride the Roman eye!
Wrinkled and monster elephants sweep by,
Making the earth to quake beneath their tread;
Cæsar, himself, with laurel on his head,
Rides next, and all his banners flaunt the sky.

But now the eager concourse gapes and hums,
For She who makes the triumph-march complete,
Zenobia, naked and imperial, comes,
With gold chains chiming from her hands and feet—
Her kingdom overthrown, herself a prize—
Yet no capitulation in her eyes!

HARRY KEMP.

Utah Justice

WELL, Utah did it. Utah put four bullets into the heart of Joseph Hillstrom, the I. W. W. agitator, after finding him guilty of a murder that *somebody* committed.

We beg the Governor of Utah's pardon for mentioning the I. W. W., as though that had anything to do with the case.

Of course it was a plain case of murder, and the idea of punishing the I. W. W. was the last thing the honorable courts of Utah thought of.

Under the circumstances, as the New York *World* pointed out, it was abominable for the I. W. W. to take a murderer for their hero and sanctify Hillstrom with a funeral service in Chicago.

The I. W. W. had absolutely nothing to do with it—it was a plain case of murder, in which the murderer was convicted because the circumstances pointed towards him.

This fact is important to keep in mind. It is so important that Supreme Court Justice Straup of Utah went out before the world proclaiming against all agitations and all agitators, and declared all I. W. W.'s should be in prison and that no prison should adopt any of the crazy ideas of Thomas Mott Osborne and other coddlers of the wicked.

The Utah people had no quarrel with the I. W. W. when they shot Hillstrom to death. They were so innocent of any thought of the I. W. W. that when President Wilson interceded for Hillstrom they did nothing more violent than to refer to him all up and down the state as Woodrow I. W. W. Wilson.

It was just a plain, simple murder case—but when Hillsrom was shot to death the newspapers printed in black type on the front page the message of congratulation to the Governor that came from an official of The Utah Fuel Company—a corporation that ran the Colorado Fuel Company a close second as an oppressor and devastator of the lives of workmen in the coal fields.

It was a downright wrong upon the good people of Utah to bring in this I. W. W. business. So much so that when Major Myton, gun man and professional deputy marshal, shot down in cold blood Roy Horton, who was speaking on a street corner in Hillstrom's defense, the Elks' Club held a daily reception in Myton's cell in jail.

And more than that, the good people of Utah were outraged by the foolish claims that Myton shot because of his hatred of the I. W. W. He shot because he *thought* Horton might have a gun on him. That made a lot of difference. It made so much difference that when the lower court sent forward papers charging murder they were sent back so that other papers could be prepared reducing the offense to voluntary manslaughter, so that Myton could be bailed out and receive the adulations of the eager populace.

Murder is murder and no I. W. W. can be kept from paying the penalty of his supposed crimes even when the only evidence against him is a supposition. That is the lesson of the Hillstrom case as the capitalist press teaches it to us.

I. R.

Drawn by Maurice Becker.

OVERHEARD ON THE ELEVATED

"GIVE ME THE MASSES."

"DON'T CARRY IT NO LONGER. THEY BLASPHEMED THE BOSS OR SOMETHING."

THE SINGING MOUTH

(In Memoriam J. H., Murdered by the State of Utah, November 19, 1915.)

O SINGING mouth! We kiss thee, but no more
Shall kisses waken song from thee, or bring
From those bruised lips the music of revolt!
Stamped to dead ashes the rebellious fire
Which blazed in song to an unheeding world;
And thou art one of that long outcast roll
Whose scorching life has come to nothingness!

Poor crude and stammering chords of a great heart—
Clumsy and weak, untrained by leisured thought,
Struck out to the surged sound of factories,
And mingled with the groans of earth upheaving
In long crushed agony—how shall *they* live?
What is there left of all thy bitterness?—
Lies not thy struggling soul in utter death?

No!—from thy weary silence comes a voice,
And it shall call till every wind of earth
Catching that sound, shall stir the hearts of men
To vowed endeavor, to a destined war,
Hot mother of the white and living Peace;
And vindicated Truth shall stoop to touch
Thee, her own brother, with her free-flying wings.

Holy rebellion breathes within our air;
We are dream-goaded to a prophet's deed,
And aspiration is made sharp with hope!
Still singing mouth, thy voice shall be a cry
To urge us to the sacred wrath of war.
God shall look down and bless our singing brother,
And make his death a sweetness in the world!

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

"Suppressed"

THE January issue of THE MASSES did not appear on the New York subway and elevated newsstands. It did not appear because Ward & Gow, the distributors, disapproved of the contents of the issue. The features which were pointed to as objectionable were an "unpatriotic" cartoon and a "blasphemous" poem. Judging by the increase in sales on other newsstands, the public seems to believe that there is a serious purpose in our "blasphemies" and much point to our lack of "patriotism."

"SCOTCH Heather is Worn in Compliment to Blood of Bridegroom," headlines the New York *Times*. This looked like a splendid murder story, but it was only a wedding.

THIS headline artist also had a mean disposition: "Cannon Stricken in Church Pulpit." It was the ex-senator, not the ex-speaker. Uncle Joe would have to be stricken before they got him into a pulpit.

Rosey

ALBERTA SIMMONS wanted to swear out a warrant for Perse Bogert. Perse had been living with Alberta's daughter, Rosey, and things had gone from bad to worse.

Alberta was inclined to blame it on Rosey's father. "She gets all this contraryness and not doing as says the Bible and the law, from him: why, he's living with Tess Pricket down in Pacific County right today."

There sat Alberta in the county prosecutor's office, all perspirey and wriggley—clutching on to her shoestring bag for drear life. No getting around it, she was dressed up—in a mammouthly checkered percale, and dragging a fine piece of millinery with all the flowers that bloom in the spring on it.

She wanted to know what charge she could bring against Perse. In order to determine this, it took a good twenty minutes to get started at the right end; a good twenty hanging Perse's character; compute fifteen for celebrating the true goodness of the easily influenced Virgin Rosey; thrown in frequent hiatuses for weeping, and an easy ten to put on the brakes. Then the prosecutor interrupted to tell her that Perse would be arraigned before the grand jury during their present sitting—he supposed. The charge would be Adultery.—She went.

In about three minutes she sneaked in again. "Would you drop me a card when you want me to come, and say a day or so in advance—I live up country some twenty mile." She was assured vividly. (And I heard the prosecutor sigh, "God's hat and coat!")

Late in the afternoon after court had lulled down, and there came a pause in the day's occupation—chiefly fines for the illegal sale of liquor—the prosecutor had just pulled out a fine smoke when in stalked the stalwart Virgin, Rosey herself, and squatted.

This was her story. On Tuesday, when the baby wasn't two days old, Rosey had walked the three miles to town, for Perse had said, "You get out o' this here house with that brat and never show your God-awful gozzle around here again."

"What was I ter do?" said Rosey. "I knew Fanny Homley would take me in, so I had to walk in—just as weak as this here baby. Perse is nawthin' short of a brute. I brought this here baby into the world without a bit of help except a table-leaf and a piece o' rope—not a soul till Harry come home from school and he fetched me a kittle o' hot water. I covered the baby up when he come, but he heard it—and I said I found it in the stove."

This touched the prosecutor—and he gave her some silver and told her to get a feed, and asked me to send Doc Foster to look her over. But Rosey was not through relating her biography. "It's not the first time he put me out—and all I done for him!"

Perse was digging potatoes when I met him, making from five to six dollars a day—not a union day, however. Perse was wiry, with a gaze, an unconscious artist in his attitudes. His speech was sparse but effectual.

He made a seat on the top of his spade handle, took in the seriousness of being confronted by an officer of the law, and slowly unfolded his side.

"You see, Angeline Smith and me was married some ten year back. Rosey came along and never relaxed till she broke up our smooth traveling. We had a nice family, and after Rosey had been prowling after me for some time—guess it was a couple years—Aggie got huffy, and I never seen her since.—

"That was three year back this last May. Yes, Rosey's had three since she's been with me—but I ain't sayin' they're all mine. If she says I put her out she's lying. She put my wife out, and I shouldn't a been so weak. I knew that Ma of hern would make a muss—the old Hairpin!—for I did chase *her* out.

"Yesterday I did up the baking and fixed up some vittles, and went to the city ter the Employment office fer a housekeeper. She'll be here on the 5:11. And I got Guy Scott keeping the tail of his eye out for the kiddies."

We saw them, and they were charmers. On the way over, he said that the county would have to care for them if he was sent up, and with that he cried and cussed quietly.

We met the rural mail carrier, and Perse got three letters. He showed them all to me; all from Rosey, telling him of the sweet baby and how much it looked like him; how people would talk; he'd lost a good friend—and the last one, "when can I come back?"

C. S.

THE PENDULUM

MY greatest grandsire was the Scythe,
That swung and swung and in its swing
Lopped off, shore through, and left to writhe
Each moribund and evil thing.

Men robbed me of my trenchant steel,
Gave me a silly golden face,
And fitted me to cog and wheel
To swing forever in my place.

I mark the night that creeps toward day,
The day that tires of light and dies,
Eternally I tick my way
From compromise to compromise,

Until the times grow sick of waste,
This wasted strength that goes for nought,
And set me free and bid me taste
The blood of evil deed and thought.

Oh! some strong man shall whet my blade
And, singing, swing me in the sun,
Till all the tangles Man has made
Are hacked and blazed, that he may run

His spacious pathway, clean and clear,
To where the holy city lies. . . .
His soul no longer bound to veer
From compromise to compromise.

ROBERT ROGERS.

THE REVOLUTION IS ON!

Yellow Hair

PEDRO'S house stood high on its four legs, almost the last straggler among the huts of the Portuguese mill hands which crept up to the marshes outside the town. For six months Pedro had approached it at the end of his mill day with a ritualistic definiteness. His eyes on the ground, away from the sight of the cold, smokeless chimney, he would climb the rickety steps to the door. He would stand there for a moment, listening. Then he would take from the scanty concealment of the old tomato can the key to his house. Pushing open the door, he would thrust his head forward, and make a halting, somber survey of the kitchen. Finally, having closed the door, he would walk across the room and look into the tiny bedroom beyond. After a moment, with the dull movements of a sleep walking pirate, he would go about his routine of fire, supper, and bed.

To-night he stopped once as he neared the house. The air had a faint odor of smoke. He stared up at his chimney; was there a wispy gray curl against the sky? In his haste he stumbled on the steps. The tomato can was overturned.

Within came the creak of a rocker on a bare floor. He pushed open the door and thrust his head forward. The woman by the stove stopped rocking, and at a gutteral sound from Pedro, shrank back in her chair. Pedro closed the door, and silently, his great body contracting, crouching, he pulled himself across the room to her. Beads of sweat stood out on his swarthy forehead. The woman's full lips parted in a whimper; her pale blue eyes cringed under narrowed eyelids. Pedro lifted his hand, a huge hand, with crisp black hairs along the backs of the fingers. With the crooked forefinger he touched the woman's untidy light hair.

"He—he hit me——" she cried suddenly.

Pedro straightened, and with a stride reached the door of the bedroom. On the low wooden bed slept a child, one hand curled under his cheek, moist yellow hair about his face. Pedro pulled the edge of the ragged quilt over the child's body, waited as it stirred, and when it slept again, turned back into the kitchen.

"You bring him back—my boy——" he whispered.

The fear had left the woman's face. She nodded.

"You come back to me? You be my girl again? Black Pedro's girl?" There was a dogged humility in Pedro's dark eyes; the cords in his throat were taut. "You stay?"

"You'll be good to me?" The woman's eyes glinted. She rose, tipping her head back to look up at Pedro, her throat swelling white out of the dirty blouse.

"When you go—I say I kill you—so!" He held out his great clenched fists, shaking them. A grimace twisted the woman's lips. "A Portuguese kill his woman. But you—different. Not Portuguese. Me—I'm black—You—all white—and yellow hair."

"Not many white women'd love you," said the woman. slyly. "An' I fetched him back." She pointed to the bedroom. "'F 'tadn't been fer him, I'd been treated better."

"You stay?" implored Pedro.

"Sure." The woman shrugged. "Set down and eat our potatoes I cooked. An' after supper——" she paused, a smile at one corner of her full lips.

HELEN R. HULL.

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

LEARNING THE STEPS

The Book of the Grotesque

THE writer, an old man with a white mustache, had some difficulty in getting into bed. The windows of the house in which he lived were high and he wanted to look at the trees when he awoke in the morning. A carpenter came to fix the bed so that it would be on a level with the window.

Quite a fuss was made about the matter. The carpenter, who had been a soldier in the Civil War, came into the old writer's room and sat down to talk of building a platform for the purpose of raising the bed. The writer had cigars lying about and the carpenter smoked.

For a time the two men talked of the raising of the bed and then they talked of other things. The soldier got on to the subject of the war. The writer, in fact, led him to that subject. The carpenter had once been a prisoner in Andersonville prison and had lost a brother. The brother had died of starvation and whenever the carpenter got upon that subject he cried. He, like the old writer, had a white mustache, and when he cried he puckered up his lips and the mustache bobbed up and down. The weeping old man with the cigar in his mouth was ludicrous. The plan the writer had for the raising of his bed was forgotten and later the carpenter did it in his own way and the writer, who was past sixty, had to help himself with a chair when he went to bed at night.

In his bed the writer rolled over on his side and lay quite still. For years he had been beset with notions concerning his heart. He was a hard smoker and his heart fluttered. The idea had got into his mind that he would some time die unexpectedly, and always when he got into bed he thought of that. It did not alarm him. The effect in fact was quite a special thing and not easily explained. It made him more alive, there in bed, than at any other time. Perfectly still he lay and his body was old and not of much use any more, but something inside him was altogether young. He was like a pregnant woman, only that the thing inside him was not a baby, but a youth. No, it wasn't a youth, it was a woman, young and wearing a coat of mail like a knight. It is absurd, you see, to try to tell what was inside the old writer as he lay on his high bed and listened to the fluttering of his heart. The thing to get at is what the writer, or the young thing within the writer, was thinking about.

The old writer, like all of the people in the world, had got during his long life a great many notions in his head. He had once been quite handsome and a number of women had been in love with him. And then, of course, he had known people, many people, known them in a peculiarly intimate way that was different from the way in which you and I know people. At least that is what the writer thought, and the thought pleased him. Why quarrel with an old man concerning his thoughts?

In the bed the writer had a dream that was not a dream. As he grew somewhat sleepy but was still conscious, figures began to appear before his eyes. He imagined the young, indescribable thing within himself was driving a long procession of figures before his eyes.

You see, the interest in all this lies in the figures that went before the eyes of the writer. They were all grotesque. All of the men and women the writer had ever known had become grotesques.

The grotesques were not all horrible. Some were amusing, some almost beautiful, and one, a woman all drawn out of shape, hurt the old man by her grotesqueness. When she passed he made a little noise like a small dog whimpering. Had you come into the room you might have supposed the old man had unpleasant dreams or perhaps indigestion.

For an hour the procession of grotesques passed before the eyes of the old man and then, although it was a painful thing to do, he crept out of bed and began to write. Some one of the grotesques had made a deep impression on his mind and he wanted to describe it.

At his desk the writer worked for an hour. In the end he wrote a book which he called "The book of the grotesque." It was never published, but I saw it once and it made an indelible impression on my mind. The book had one central thought that is very strange and has always remained with me. By remembering it I have been able to understand many people and things that I was never able to understand before. The thought was involved, but a simple statement of it would be something like this:

That in the beginning when the world was young there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague thoughts. All about in the world were the truths and they were all very beautiful.

The old man had listed hundreds of the truths in his book. I will not try to tell you of all of them. There was the truth of virginity and the truth of passion, the truth of wealth and of poverty, of thrift and of profligacy, of carefulness and abandon. Hundreds and hundreds of truths there were and they were all beautiful.

And then the people came along. Each as he appeared snatched up one of the truths and some who were quite strong snatched up a dozen of them.

It was that made the people grotesques. The old man had quite an elaborate theory concerning the matter. It was his notion that the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, calling it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood.

You can see for yourself how the old man, who had spent all of his life writing and was filled with words, would write hundreds of pages concerning this matter. The subject would become so big in his mind that he himself would be in danger of becoming a grotesque. He didn't, I suppose, for the same reason that he never published the book. It was the young thing inside him that saved the old man.

Concerning the old carpenter who fixed the bed for the writer, I only mentioned him because he, like many of what are called very common people, became the nearest thing to what is understandable and lovable of all the grotesques in the writer's book.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

Drawn by Arthur Young.

Madam, you dropped Something!

THAT GOD MADE

THIS is the Earth that God made.
These are the Timber and Coal and Oil
And Water Powers and fertile Soil
That belong to us all in spite of the gall
Of the Grabbers and Grafters who forestall
The natural rights and needs of all
Who live on the Earth that God made.

These are the Corporate Snakes that coil
Around the Timber and Coal and Oil
And Water Powers and fertile Soil
Which belong to us all in spite of the gall
Of the Grabbers and Grafters who forestall
The natural rights and needs of all
Who live on the Earth that God made.

These are the Lords of Mill and Mine
Who act as if they were divine,
Who can't read the writing on the wall
But admire the skill and excuse the gall
Of the Grabbers and Grafters who forestall
The natural rights and needs of all
Who live on the Earth that God made.

These are the Parsons shaven and shorn
Who tell the workers all forlorn
To pray for contentment night and morn
And to bear and to suffer want and scorn
And be lowly and meek and humbly seek
For their just reward on the Heavenly shore,
But not on the Earth that God made.

WILL HERFORD.

"Raising" Babies

IN an article entitled "Futurist Baby-Raising," the New York *Evening Post* had a good deal of fun at the expense of the new co-operative apartment house to be erected by the Feminist Alliance in the vicinity of Washington Square. The plan, in its general outlines, is the one suggested by Charlotte Perkins Gilman fifteen years ago, and recently restated by the English feminist, W. L. George, in his new book, "Woman and To-morrow." According to the *Post*, "You put the baby and the breakfast dishes on the dumbwaiter and send them down to the central kitchen-nursery-kindergarten-laundry to be cared for until needed." Since it appears further on in the article that the children's apartments are "in the upper part of the house, with large French windows opening upon roof garden," the previous description is probably a trifle inaccurate.

But, since the risibilities of the *Post* are so stimulated by the idea of Futurist baby-raising, we wonder how they would be affected by the following instances of the present method, briefly retold from items clipped from a single newspaper in a southern city, in the course of one winter. All occurred in this one town, or in the neighboring country and villages.

—While three mothers were doing their family washings in their back yards, three babies of the toddling age fell into the washtubs and were scalded to death.

—A mother, at work on some household task, spilled kerosene on her apron. A few minutes later a child cut her finger, and, as she leaned against her mother's lap while the wound was being bandaged, her own dress absorbed the kerosene. When she went near the open fireplace, the dress caught fire, and she was burned to death.

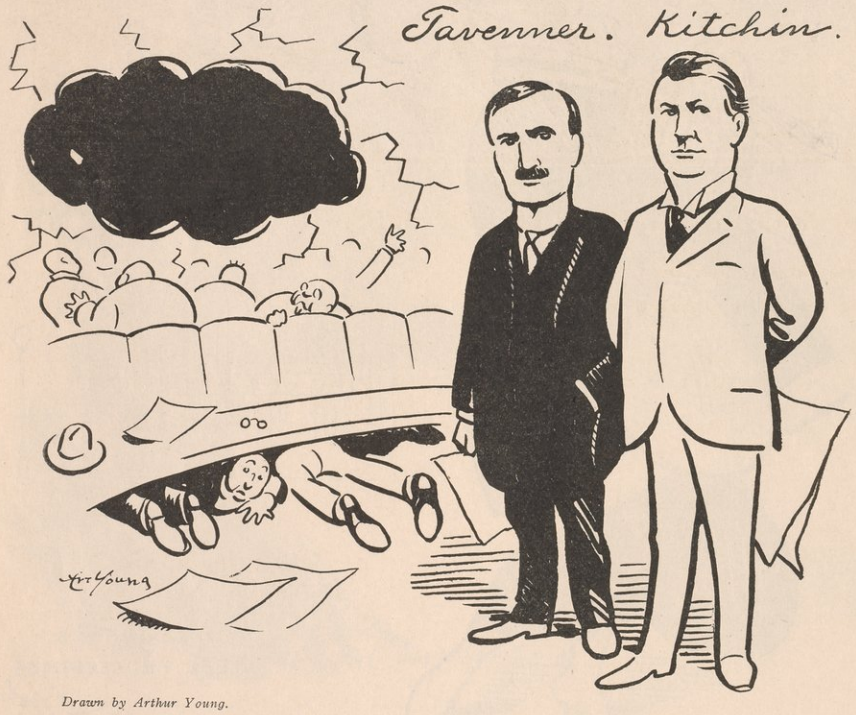
—A mother was compelled to leave home for a short time, and, rather than take her six-months-old baby out in a storm, decided to leave him in the bathtub, which she padded well with a blanket. She left the baby's pet, a big Newfoundland dog, to watch over it. While she was gone, the dog, in playfully trying to reach its little playmate, turned the faucet, and the baby was presently found, drowned, in a tubful of water.

—A woman who kept a boarding-house left her five-year-old and her tow-year-old locked in a room for safety, while she went on an errand. Fire broke out in the house; the five-year-old shattered a window-pane and got out, cutting himself severely; he was trying to pull his little brother through the opening when help arrived.

—A woman, washing in the back yard, was driven to such a pitch of nervous fury by the wailing of her two-year-old baby, begging to be "taken up" when she was busy, that she seized a buggy-whip that lay near and lashed his legs. When she had finished her washing, she found that the baby had a high fever; she knew then what had caused its fretfulness, and she sat up with it all night. The next day it died, and the poor mother went temporarily insane, repeating over and over, "He was too little to run—he had to stand up and take it!"

These cheerful incidents, which may be paralleled in any one of ten thousand newspapers throughout the country, may not prove the desirability of the new co-operative apartment house. But they may be fairly said to show two things: First, that the babies who suffer from the lack of maternal attention do not belong exclusively to emancipated mothers who have foresworn drudgery; and, second, that the present methods not being quite perfect, a futurist method may conceivably be as good—or better.

K. W. BAKER.



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Two Congressmen Who Are Not Afraid of the Administration, the Kaiser or the Munition Manufacturers

THE JOB

I SAW the young man with his wife on the day that
he got news of his job.
The long winter was over, and the Works that were
shut down had opened their doors.

The wife was a slim, brown-haired young thing, mother
of the month-old baby that lay in its crib.
She was too pale for beauty, but the dawn rose in her
face as the news was told.

They laughed aloud; they hugged each other, heedless
of onlookers.
Their faces were transfigured with happiness.
They snatched the child from his cradle, and swung
him in his little blue blanket merrily to a hummed
dance-tune.

I have seen manifestations of exalted joy—
The dithyrambic ecstasies of religious emotion,
The worshipper, passionate, pouring out his soul upon
the choral tide of praise;
Lovers on their marriage morning, with faces brighter
than its sunlight;
The watcher vigil-worn to whom the doctor has just
said, "Your dear one will live;"
The mother dreaming goldenly above the face of her
first-born:

But never have I seen joy purer in quality or in expression more beautiful
(Holding within it something of the rapture of all)
Than that of the boy and girl over the good news of
a job.

ELIZABETH WADDELLL.

Drawn by Stuart Davis.

PATRIOTISM—ACCORDING TO WILSON'S MESSAGE

Employees: "What about this, Sir?"

The Boss: "Sure, you'll be working for me as much there as here."

Osborne

THE enemies of Prison Reform have determined on the destruction of Thomas Mott Osborne, and they will stop at nothing. It is significant of their methods that William Willett, who was sentenced to prison for buying a judgeship, is reported to be conducting the prosecution from behind the scenes, and being given the aid of the district attorney's office in his effort to break up the Mutual Welfare League by compelling Mr. Osborne to reveal privileged confessions made to him as warden. Failing in this, they have now gone to the length of charging Mr. Osborne with "unmentionable crimes." This may be the hysteria of those who fear they are beaten, or it may be the insolence of those who *know* they can put over anything on the public. Is it possible at this day to destroy a man and his work for society with the hissing whisper of "unmentionable crimes"? We think not; but it will be necessary for all those who consider themselves friends of progress to stand behind Mr. Osborne in this struggle. Governor Whitman, incidentally, has presidential aspirations, and Mr. Osborne may appear to loom dangerously as a rival; on the other hand, a man with presidential aspirations cannot openly abet a scheme like this against Mr. Osborne. Pity the politician!

Osborne's Book

OSBORNE'S book shows a man who simply cannot regard prisoners through the cold medium of abstract theory. They are human beings to him—men.

His book[1] is the result of a short experience as a prisoner. He learned a great deal in that short time. "All I did," Mr. Osborne said to me, speaking of Sing Sing, "was to remove the unnatural and unnecessary restrictions upon their liberty of movement and action, so far as I could within prison walls. And all the things you see here are the results of their own efforts to help themselves." It is this lesson that he learned while serving his week in Auburn.

[1] "Within Prison Walls," by Thomas Mott Osborne. D. Appleton & Co. $1.62 postpaid. Masses Book Store.

Osborne is bigger than his book. I got the book from him when I first visited Auburn after my release from Blackwell's Island, and I saw the results of his work before I read the book. I am glad I did, for his work far outstrips his book.

It is a book that ought to be read because it shows Osborne the man, though only the beginnings of Osborne the prison reformer. FRANK TANENBAUM.

As It Should Be

NEWS of revolutionary progress comes from Hamilton, O., where during a machinists' strike the Socialist mayor, Fred A. Hinkel, swore in forty union men as special policemen, to protect the lives and property of the strikers from the gunmen, gangsters and thugs imported by the Sheriff to serve the employers. The spectacle of organized labor patrolling a strike-bound city, and strike-breakers arrested for disorderly conduct and disturbance of the peace, is one which appeals strongly to our sense of ironic humor, of justice, and of revolutionary propriety.

From Vida D. Scudder

To the Editor:

With "inward glee" if not with "serious faith," I read your Talk on Editorial Policy, wherein you print letters from candid friends, including myself, neutralizing each other. They are good fun.

But I am moved to tell you something. It is apropos of a letter from California and your comment on it. Here is part of the letter:

"Many of us who are Christians can stand for the Church being made a target of abuse, but we feel that the line should be drawn somewhere. Keep hammering away at the failure of us who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,—we need it. But please do not serve up in your columns any more such articles as that to which I have referred, which alienate without benefiting."

And here is your comment.

Such a letter one can hardly answer at all, so remote is its view-point, and yet so warm its good will. It is as if a being from some other planetary system should write in, asking why we assume that every heavy thing drops to the earth. We wonder how this being who lives under the Lord Jesus as an anthropomorphic God, ever wandered into the orbit of THE MASSES—and yet, now that he is there, we would like to hold his interest and faith, for he evidently has a little faith in us.

Now, what I want to tell you is that you have no cause for surprise in the sympathy of "this being" for THE MASSES. He does not stand alone. It is high time for you to recognize that anti-Church radicals do not absorb radicalism any more than Church-members absorb Christianity. The old creeds are not dead, though impassioned believers in them are not often met, according to my experience, in "cultured Boston" or its suburbs —or anywhere else. They exist, however, these believers—men and women who consider themselves, not merely with you, admirers of a dead martyr-hero, but disciples of a Living Lord. Among these disciples a considerable number find the pungent and penerating treatment of Churchianity and civilization in THE MASSES as welcome as flowers in May. They agree with you not all the time, but much of the time, and they give thanks for you and wish they were clever enough to do so too.

For among those who know an interior union with the Living Christ (pardon the strange language) He is manifest more and more as the Christ of the Revolution.

Of course, this vision of Him was long obscured. But it has never been lost. In the unpromising Eighteenth Century, William Blake defiantly proclaimed it:

> "The vision of Christ which thou dost see
> Is my vision's greatest enemy,
> Both read the Bible day and night,
> But thou readest black where I read white.
> . . . . . .
> Where'er His chariot took its way.
> The gates of death let in the day"—

So long as the Gospels are read aloud Sunday after Sunday in Church, the vision can't be lost. It bides its time, it finds its own. It is most compelling to-day among those who believe,—they really do, I assure you,—that He who was executed by the combined forces of the religious, intellectual and governing classes of His day, is to be the Judge of the human race.

In gently assuming that no intelligent person who enjoys THE MASSES holds this extraordinary hope, Mr. Editor, you are provincial. Please socialize your mind! Please open imagination to the fact of which I inform you,—that there are plenty of people ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with you in the fight for a clean, just, democratic civilization, who get authentic inspiration from sources closed to you. And don't sneer at their sanctites; it isn't worth while. The most seeming obsolete formula is likely to have a sacred heart beating in it. It has meant, at all events, something profound in human experience. Were I in Buddha-land, I should never make fun of even the most crude and popular forms of Buddha-worship. Were I among the Turks, I should say my prayers in the Mosques—always supposing (I am hazy on this point)—that they would admit a lady. THE MASSES lives in a country where a great deal of real Christianity survives—though I confess that appearances rather contradict the assertion. It wouldn't do you a bit of harm to show a little respect for it. For the amazing truth of the old Christian formulæ is plain to the experience of thousands, and great tides of Christian mysticism are rising to refresh the arid souls of our generation.

I hardly expect you to be interested in all this. And nobody is trying to convert you. You are doing a lot of good just where you are, and we all have eternity, and possibly lots of lives ahead even on earth, in which to learn things we don't know. But as we muddle along together, it should be possible to believe people who tell us that they see a light we don't, and to accept them courteously as fellow-pilgrims toward the City of Equity.

At the end of your remarks, you quote a poem. Will you print the enclosed or is its language too alien? The experience at which it hints is as real as one's dinner, or as revolutionary propaganda.

Fraternally yours,
VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Wellesley, Dec. 4, Second Sunday in Advent.

INTROVERSION

What do you seek within, O Soul, my Brother?
What do you seek within?
I seek a life that shall never die,
Some haven to win
From mortality.

What do you find within, O Soul, my Brother.
What do you find within?
I find great quiet where no noises come.
Without, the world's din:
Silence in my home.

Whom do you find within, O Soul, my Brother?
Whom do you find within?
I find a Friend that in secret came:
His scarred Hands within
He shields a faint flame.

What would you do within, O Soul, my Brother?
What would you do within?
Bar door and window that none may see:
That alone we may be
(Alone! face to face
In that flame-lit place!)
When first we begin
To speak one with another.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

To the Editor:

I have been reading that delightful bunch of letters, and it impels me to project myself into your solar luminosity with my bow-wow and my wagging tail—a sort of sun-dog, you see.

Well, I, too, like Vida Scudder, am a teacher, one of the lights of the great, renowned Boston educational system; and I know the system so well that for the past ten years I have felt my wages were paid me to make obscurity more obscure. But what can I do?

I thank God there is a paper like yours that can help awaken the doped dupes I am hired to make. To me, your pictures are the most admirable of the kind published in America, uniformly excellent. How can anyone fail to get the satire in "Putting the Best Foot Forward." It is splendid, if one has any realization of life. And as for the conversations with God—they are delicious. I wish you would publish one every issue. Blasphemy! Not a bit of it! To me, it simply shows up the absurdity of the God the hyprocrites and pretenders to Christianity have manufactured to aid their commercial schemes.

J.

To the Editor:

I feel that it is tremendously important for THE MASSES to go on, and to go strong. It is a unique and necessary institution, and does enormous good. Some people say it does not reach the unconvinced; that is rot. Its art and its wit lure lots of unwilling souls to the edge of the abyss, and they look down into it, it looks so devilish interesting; and when the devil reaches up and nails them, they succumb with hardly a shriek.

AMOS PINCHOT.

Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

REQUIEM

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(*Continued from page 3*)

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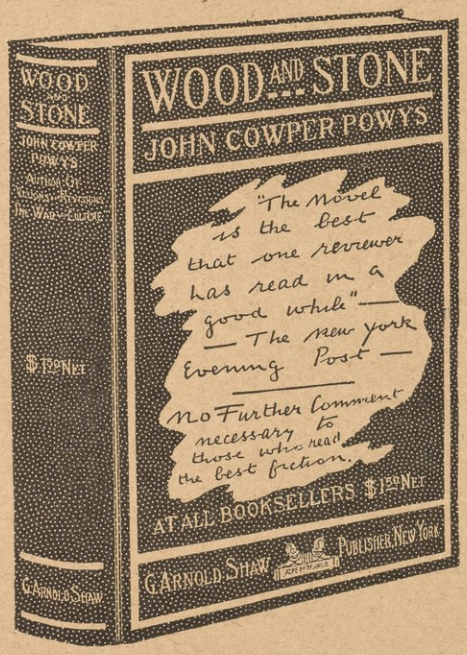
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